

Hot. That Roan shal be my throne. Well, I wil back him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the parke.

Lady. But heare you my Lord.

Hot. What saiest thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horie (my loue) my horse.

La. Out you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are toft with. In faith I le know your bulines *Harry*, that I wil: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his title, & hath sent for you to line his enterprife, but if you

Hot. So far a foot, I shal be weary, loue.

La. Com, come, you Paraquito, answer me directly vnto this question that I shal aske: in faith Ile breake thy little finger *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away you trifier, loue; I louethee not, I care not for thee. *Kate*, this is no world To play with mamnets, and to tilt with lips, We must haue bloody noses, and crackt crownes, And passe them currant too: gods me my horse. What saist thou *Kate*, what wouldst thou haue with me?

La. Do you not loue me? do you not indeed? Wel doe not then: for since you loue me not, I will nor loue my selfe. Doe you not loue me? Nay, tell me, if you speake in icast, or no?

Hot. Come wilt thou see me ride? And when I am a horse-backe, I will sweare, I loue thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*, I must not haue you henceforth, question me? Whither I go: nor reason were about, Whither I must, I must: and to conclude, This euening must I leaue you gentle *Kate*. I know you wise, but yet no farther wise, Then *Harry Percy*s wife. Constant you are, But yet a woman, and for secrecie, No Lady closer, for I will beleue, Thou wilt not vtter what thou doest not know. And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

La. How, so far?

Hot.

Hot. Not an inch further: b
Whither I go, thither shall yo
To day will I set forward, to m
Will this content you *Kate*?

La. It must of force.

Enter Prince a

Prince. Ned, prethee come o
me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poynes. Where hast beene *Ned*?

Prim. With three or foure Lo
four-score Hogs-heads. I hau
of Humilitie. Sirra, I am sworne
and can call them all by their C
and *Francis*: they take it alrea
though I be Prince of *Wales*, y
tell me flatly, I am not proud *La*
thian, alad of mettall, a good Bo
and when I am king of *England*
lads in *Eastcheap*. They call dri
when you breath in your wat
play it off. To conclude, I au
quarter of an houre, that I can
own language during my life.
lost much honor, that thou we
but sweet *Ned*, to sweeten whic
penniworth of Sugar, clapt e
vnder skinker, one that neuer
then 8. shillings & 6. pence, & 7
addition, *Anon*, anon sir, skore a p
or so. But *Ned*, to driue away
thee doe thou stand in some by
puny Drawer, to what end he g
leau calling *Francis*, that hist
Anon: step aside, and Ile shew

Poynes. *Francis*.

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poynes. *Francis*.

Fran. *Anon*, anon sir, looke do

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